VISITS FROM SPIRIT LAND.

Dreamers of Strange Dreams and Seers of Strange Sight.

THE SPOOK OF A MURDERER.

An Electric Ghost Slapped by Spirit-A Mariner's Warning-Haunted Houses and Haunted People.

Slapped by a Spirit.

A Grand Rapids Mich., correspondent sends to the Religio-Philosophical Journal the following account of a circle with Dr. Schermerhorn: I closed the folding doors and locked the three other doors. The five of us sat in a circle, the Doctor in the center. We put out the lights and joined hands. After about ten minutes, one after another of the members of the circle commenced to feel hand-patting on the cheeks, arms, hands, etc. I sat for forty minutes before I felt anything. Finally there came a hand, solid and heavy, which slapped my cheek, and it seemed to me a voice said, "Harry," in a heavy whisper; at the same time the Doctor was speaking to my wife. After the circle was over the imprints of the slap still were on my cheeks. Then commenced. it seemed to me, a series of thumps, patting on my hair, chin, nose, etc., by a hand, cold, heavy and rough, which would then instantly change to a small, warm, baby's hand, and by the time I had familiarized myself to that it would seemingly change to a lady's soft hand.

One thing left an impression upon my mind: An Indian was supposed to be controlling the doctor, and he would tell me that I would be touched so and so, and immediately it was done. One time I purposely moved quickly a couple of feet from the original place, and pair of fingers came, not bungingly, and lifted up my eye-lash. I tried the same thing afterward with a friend under the same conditions, and the result nearly proved the loss of my friend's

Spirit in a Brewery. The employes of the brewing establishment of Junk & Co..in Eastern Freeman avenue, says the Commercial Gazette, Cincinnati, O., are much exercised over the appearance of a spirtit which is a nightly visitor about the place. About two months ago a fireman at the brewery, Julius Sutter, was so badly scalded that he died the following day. The bottom of a large steam ves-sel in the boiler rooms gave way and the hot water and steam made short work of the fireman. He was taken from the boiler rooms and seated on a flight of steps in an adjoining room until he could be taken to his home. Ever since his death it has been rumored about the locality that he may be seen any night seated just in the

that but a few of the employes can be induced to visit that portion of the estab-lishment in which it is claimed Suttercun be seen any night between 12 and 1 o'clock. The last persons to see the spirit of the dead man are the engineer, George Galbreath, and the fireman, Frank Stumpf. Both men are compar-atively well educated. They cannot be shaken in their belief. It was last Sunday that Galbreath ran into the spirit of Sutter seated on the steps referred to. He spoke to it, and when he reached out ty place his haed upon the spirit's shoulder it disappeared. Stumpf had similar experience the following night. The affair is the talk of the neighborhood, which is thickly settled.

same position as when taken from the room to be brought to his home. So

great is the faith placed in these stories

tor to bettom. No Ghosts, but Burglars.

most of the buildings about the brewery

being large tenements, crowded from

A Wichita, Kan., special to the St. Louis Globe, says: For some time there have been rumors of the periodial ap pearance of a ghost on an island in the river in the south part of town. Several witnesses said they had seen and heard the visions, and no one could explain the mystery till this morning, when the blabbing of a prisoner now in jail led to an investigation. Two officers visited the island, and on removing some freshly turned earth found a complete set of burglar tools, five dark lautern and some stolen goods. In another spot they found a long white robe, evidently that ghost's apparel, and a number of wigs and disguises. From what has been gathered it is believed that Curry, the prisoner who blabbed, is a membe of a gang of thieves operating this section, and the officers say arrests may be looked for any time.

A Veteran Mariner's Warning. "TThere may be nothing in the idea of a premonition of danger, but in one instance, at least, in my life as a scafar ing man, I found it well to have taken heed," said an ex-voluntee officer of the

United States nauy to a New York Tel

egram reporter. 'It was just before the war, and I was A young man then, and had been going to sea in the merchant service ever wince I was a boy.

"I shipped in this city as third mate of the clipper ship Manitoba, a new ves-sel, bound on her first voyage to China. "Well, the captain and mates appeared pretty clever chaps, and we all

got along very nicely for the two or three weeks I was on board. Our sails were 'bent' at the dock, and the following day we were to start on our long "I was sitting in the forecastle the afternoon of the day before the ship

sailed, and was in a 'deep study' about nothing in particular, when suddenly a strange sensation crept over me, and still voice whispered, 'Don't go! Don' "I tried to shake off the strange feel

ing that came upon me that the Manitoba was destined for 'Davy Jones' Locker but I could not do so. Involuntarily seized a few of my 'traps,' and, without saying a word to the cantain or to any body else, I stepped ashore.

Yes; the ship sailed the next morn ing and was never again heard of. How or where she was lost never transpired so far as I could learn. A board on which was painted the words "Manitoba' was, however, picked up some where in the Pacific Ocean.'

A Dream Fulfilled.

A Columbus (O.) dispatch to the New York Sun says: A. F. McNeal, a well-known citizen of Rawson, died recently after a short illness, and now comes weird story connected with this fact which is as fully authenticated as his death. On the night of the 28th of January of this year he, like Joseph 'dreamed a dream" that he died and went to heaven. In his dream the date of his death, April 26, was firmly fixed upon his mind. In "the beautiful city, whose maker and builder is God," he dreamed that he met Mr. Mahlon Po-

asstrange, and the next morning, when McNeal awoke, he reduced the details

to writing.

He was then in excellent health. His wife found the manuscript a few days after it was written, and it worried the good woman a great deal, but she said nothing to her husband concerning it. Yesterday, April 26, McNeal died, while Povenmire joined the silent majority

one week ago yesterday.

The case is a remarkable one, but it can not be laughed down, for every word of it is true, and the substance of McNeal's dream is in manuscript, just as he wrote it three months ago. It is all the talk in Hancock county.

Supposed to be Haunted The Savannah (Ga.) News says: Newberry county, near Prosperity, subterranean disturbances have been no ticed for some time in the vicinity of the house of P. L. Wise. The shaking of the earth still continues, and has been supplemented recently by loud reports like cannon crackers, after which there is a strong smell of sulphur. The phe-nomenon was witnessed on Tuesday by a number of persons, and Mr. Wise ha locked up his house and moved away, bag and baggage. The disturbances are not experienced elsewhere in the country. The superstitious people in that vicinity believe that spirits are making the disturbances, and will not go near the house.

An Electric Ghost.

Twenty miles southeast of Frankfort, Kan., says the Kansas City Journal, on a small stream known as Coal Creek, is a house, the owner of which will give a span of mules valued at \$300 to any person or persons who will remain in it during a single night. Several people have already tried to win this reward. but the mules still remain in their owner's stable, where they are likely to stop for some time to come. This apstop for some time to come. This apparently generous offer is made by J. H. Ellis, who purchased the property about five years ago, and who has lived on it ever since. His family consists of himself and wife and two children, a hired man and a hired girl. They all sleep in the same room. He says he doesn't think the house is haunted, but that the peculiar things that occur there are the result of natural causes. The manifestations occur only in one room, the other apartments being not affected. Mr. Ellis thinks that gases from the earth, which come up through crevices and have the appearance of balls of fire, are responsible for the queer things seen and heard in the dwelling.

Several of those who had attempted to put in a night in the building were seized by some unknown agency and "fired" bodily up against the wall with great force or roughly tossed out of the door into the hall.

A party composed of H. S. Alvard, of Kausas City, W. H. Wilson, of Frank-fort, Kan., W. J. Granger, of Centralia, W. J. Gregg, Ed Healy and Ed Donahue, of Frankfort, several days ago visited the house with the intention of thoroughly investigating the mystery. There was nothing in the room in which they were to stop at night to indicate that there was any contrivance for the manipulation of hidden batteries or working tricks of jugglery. For a couple of hours in the evening everything went well with the party and they enjoyed themselves playing cards and smoking. Suddenly, however, the party was scattered by some unseen and terrific force. Alvord leaped out a window and Healy followed him. The other members were hurled in the direction of the door, out of which they rushed with such speed that several forgot the stairs were so close at hand, and rolled down them. A wild, piercing scream, balls of fire and flashes of zigzag lightning were what the terrified investi-gators saw and heard. They all received a terrible electric shock in addition to their scare and rough handling. carried their investigations no further that night, and the next morning returned to their homes, as much in norance as ever as to the cause of the

mysterious manifestations. In the room in which these strange things are seen a woman by the name of Almira Lewis was murdered or, as some think, committed suicide, about sixteen years ago. Whether Almira' ghost has anything to do with the weird performances is not known at present and there are none living in the neigh borhood that are anxious to find out i they have to obtain the information by spending a night in the noisy room.

An Unlucky House.

A Newburg (N. Y.) dispatch says: "Edward — Kinsley, a wealthy gentle-man, was found dead in his bed yesterday, at his home, near West Point. He was sixty-seven years of age. Mr. Kins ley was a brother-in-law of Senator Chandler. At the time of Mr. Kinsley's death his wife was absent from home visiting in New Hampshire. worth over \$1,000,000, owning hundreds of acres of valuable land adjoining the government reservation and extending from the river fully a mile into the country. Mr. Kinsley resided in a large mansion on the bluff over-looking the river, midway between Highland Fall and West Point. The house was built by his father years ago, and used as an adjunct at that time to the military The rooms are filled with academy. guns and military paraphernalia to this day. There seems to be a fatality about the place. Those who reside i it are never permitted to die sur-rounded by friends. Mr. Kinsley's father was thrown from a horse and killed. His mother was found sitting lead in a chair. Two sisters were burned to death in the Henry Clay disaster, a third sister was killed by a runaway horse, and an aged employe was killed in the fields by a runaway team, and another was struck dead few years since by a stroke of lightning from a cloudless sky. Mr. Kinsley was a graduate of Yale and a lawyer by pro-fession. He owned, besides his Orange county property, large copper mines in the Lake Superior region, a hotel st Saratoga and two in Florida. He leaves no children and no relatives except his

Scared by a Murderer's Ghost.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) dispatch to the Pittsburg Times says: Every inmate of the jail was awakened at midnight recently by a piercing shrick. The night watchman hurriedly made the rounds and found a Hungarian, who occupied the cell which was the last abode of Adam Volkavitch, the executed mur derer, crouching in a corner. With many distrustful glances around the narrow cell, he told the

strange story: Aroused by some unknown cause from a slumber, he had a few minutes before observe a form approach and darken the grated opening to his cell door. Thinking it the jailer on his rounds who thus shut out the dim quivering moonlight. he thought nothing of the appearance until, to his amazement, the form glided into his chamber, as easily and noiselessly as if the door stood wide open instead of having its heavy iron frame locked and bolted. With amazed countenance and bristling hair he gazed whose maker and builder is God," he dreamed that he met Mr. Mahlon Povenmire, of Ada, an old acquaintance and friend, and asked him when he had died and come to the eternal world a week before. There were other striking circumstances in the dream, equally

his bed uttering the shricks which had disturbed his fellow inmates. No persuasion on the part of the offi-cials could induce the trembling Hun to return to the ghostly chamber, and at the first signs of compulsion he again waked the echoes with his cries. Another cell was opened and he gladly accepted a place on the stone floor, pre-ferring the company of its two living inmates to that of his would-be special bedfellow. A released prisoner states that the occupants of that particular row of cells, heretofore considered the aristocracy of the jail, now spend the critical hours of the night in the repe-tition of prayers and incantations, min-gled with an interchange of mutually encouraging words.

A Strange Spectral Ghost. For the last week rumors have reached town to the effect that a ghost could be seen suspended from the identical tree upon which Red Page had been hanged. says the Madisonville (Tex.) Watch-man. Several parties reported that on riding along the road, which runs with-in twenty paces of the tree on which Page was hanged, they had seen, hanging in midair, a ghost-like figure at least eight feet in length, and which emitted a pale, silvery light. It created such an excitement that a crowd was made up, headed by Sheriff F.M. Black,

to go down and investigate. Accordingly, at 9 o'clock that night a crowd of about twenty-five proceeded to the place where the goblin materialized. They rode forward and there stood the tree upon which Page had paid the last great penalty, but no ghost, goblin or anything else was to be seen. Just then some one happened to look toward the tree. An exclamation of surprise and horror broke from his lips. For there, not twenty steps distant hung the ghostly object.

A feeling of horror pervaded the crowd. The blood ran chill and cold in their veins. With blanched faces they stood aghast. No one dared to move. Each seemed glued to his saddle without the power of moving or speaning, for all recognized at once that they were in the presence of something dreadful and mysterious, and which was beyond the ken of mortal man. It seemed to be composed of a a grayish white substance and was surrounded by a faint, pale mysterieus light. It ap peared to be about eight feet in length. with a long, skinny, shriveled neck, its face could not be seen distinctly.

After viewing the unearthly object for some minutes the crowd rode off a few hundred yards and a consultation was held as to what steps should be taken. Of all that crowd there was not one who would approach it, for all were satisfied that it was not of this earth, and no one present was anxious of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the weird visitor from the great unknown. The crown returned to town without investigating further.

SINGULARITIES.

Ice still remains in Mascoma lake, N. H., and many neighboring hill roods are blocked with snow.

The latest "southern outrage" is a Tennessee boy, ten years old, who eats all the flies he can catch. Big Winnie Johnson, who tips the beam a

811½ pounds, is the latest attraction of a Bal-timore dime museum. In a Pittsburg iron mill last week a man's nose was cut off and a physician had it on again inside of an hour.

A horse that was sick with lung fever at Manchester, N. H., was fed on milk for a week. He came out all right.

A spike-nosed pike was caught in Lake Elysian, Wisconsin, that weighed 192 pounds and measured six feet two inches in length. Certificates of deposits footing up some \$20,000, were found in the pack of a tramp peddler who lately died in a Pennsylvania

Joseph E. Martine of Albuquerque, N. M. at last accounts had lived three days with a bullet hole in his brain through which the

An alligator was killed in the Ashley river South Carolina, which weighed 255 pounds and was 9 feet 8 inches long. It was sent to Pierre Lorillard, New York.

A woman in Perry county, Kentucky, has a circular hole in one of her cyclids through a circular hole in one of her eyelids throug which she can see when both eyes are closed She sleeps with one eye open, so to speak. Tracheo tomy was performed on a Londo horse. The operation proved successful and the animal is again at work giving as good service as when in the best of health.

It is said that a stockman at Neuces cour ty, Texas, has a cow five years old which re joices in eighteen horns, two on her head after the usual fashion, and four upon eac

A Connecticut milkman lost ten cows i one night. The flooring of the stable gave way and the cows which were fastened by halters to upright posts, hanged by the neck

Frank Collins, a St. Cloud, Minn, ex-pressman, lit a clgar and, finding it would not draw, cut it in two and discovered a cartridge in the middle with the ball pointing to the smaller end. A Reading horse that was in the habit o scratching his nose with his hoof got its foo

in its mouth, and it remained there one whole night before the animal was relieved from ts uncomfortable predicament. An autopsy on three cows that met my terious deaths near Decatur, Ill., revealed a quantity of twine-almost a bail-in the stomach of each. The twine was of the king

used on one of the farm machines. Among the various prizes offered at a doshow in San Francisco was one for the quiet est animal. The surprise of the judges was great when they found that the wir dog which had died and been stuffed two

vears before. A chicken was killed at the farm of Mr. McFadden, on the Big Potlach, near Cameron, idaho, and when the craw was opened a piece of go d was found about the size of a pea. A turkey was also killed having pieces of gold in its craw.

A monster toad, weighing sixty-six pound and measuring nearly three feet around the body, is said to have been found at Juillac, France, and sold for \$150 to a manufacturer at St. Etienne. Its creaking bears a close resemblance to the pars ing of a dog. A handsome rene of the mound builders

consisting of a piece of carnelian beautifull

carved in the shape of a boat, was recently dug up near Alton, fil. It is about five inche long and a gem of artistic lapidary work. I has been identified as a sacred badge stone worn by some prehistoric chief. Captain Benjamin Baker, of Key West Fla., has brought from Key Largo quite a curiosity in the shape of a sweet potato, which has the almost complete form of a coiled

snake. The notato was grown among stones and the shape which it now has was mad-from the peculiar formation of the stones in the ground James Addington, of East Aurora, N. Y has a meerschaum pipe that is probably the finest in the country, for it is valued at \$500. The pipe is thirteen inches in length from the bowl to the tip of the mouthpiece, and is an exquisite piece of handsome carving. It took the workman three years to complete the task of making it.

James Cass, of Prairie Grove, Ark., picked up an old bomb on his farm the other day and threw it into a brush fire that was burnin threw it into a brush fire that was burning near by. The bomb had lain there ever since the Prairie Grove battle, twenty five years ago, but it was in good condition and ex-ploded, scattering missiles in every direction. No one was hurt, but several people nar-rowly escaped injury from the missiles.

The four-year-old child of W. Stringer m The four-year-old child of W. Stringer met with a strange death at little Rock, Ark. Mr. Stringer is something of a chicken fancier and kept half a dozen game cocks in his back yard. His little son started to play there, and soon found that chasing one of the game cocks was an exciting diversion. Suddenly the cock turned and attacked the little fellow furiously, knocking him down and gaffing him about the head. The boy was cut and picked in a horrible manner before he was rescued, and died of convulsions in a few minutes. few minutes.

There is a religious sect in Itlinois which worships a woman. Any bashful lover knows that there are thousands of men throughout the country qualified for membership.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW

A Ramble Among the Various Sects and Isms.

THE PREACHER TOOK CARE OF HER

A New Whiskey Church-How the Deacon Preserved Order-A Minister Who Handles a Riffe.

Northern and Southern Baptists. Richmond Religious Herald: Some man claiming to be a southern Baptist has written to the Journal and Messenger asking the northern Baptists who may come to the southern convention in Richmond to keep quiet, and the Na-tional Baptist copies it and advises the northerners to keep their mouths shut while here. We hope the northerners will do no such thing. They were heard with infinite delight last May at Louisville, and they will be heard with equal pleasure in Richmond. Instead of no-ticing such an irresponsible brother, if, indeed, he is a brother at all, Drs. Lasher and Wayland ought to come on and speak a word of cheer to us. They will both be heard with profound interest, and they will learn from experience how ready their southern brethren are to hear their brethren from the North. There are enough people serving the devil without the Baptists, north and south, stirring up any more strife about a war that ended nearly a quarter of a century ago. The question of who was right in 1861 is not half so important as who will do the right in 1888.

A Miser's Curious Gift. The Springfield (Mass.) Union says: The man is still living who, seventeen years ago, walked into the rooms of the bible society in Boston and electrified the persons he found there, first by his appearance, and secondly by the munication he had to make. His appearance betokened more than poverty, for his shabby clothes were tied to gether with strings. What in the world had brought such a man there, was the question everyone asked himself, and the wonder can better be imagined than described when the stranger remarked that he had property to the amount of \$75,000, which he would like to turn over to the society if he could be guaranteed 10 per cent annually upon it for the remainder of his life, his age being seventy-nine. The officers sup-pressed their amazement as well as they could, took his name, verified his sche dule of his possessions, and submitted the case to the directors. They looked the matter over in the light of actuaries' tables, etc., and finally, after much deliberation, decided that the risk was too great, and so notified the would-be donor. Not long after he came back and renewed his proposition to turn the money over to the society, and said that he would be content with 7 per cent annually. That proposition was accepted, and for some years he appeared regularly at the expiration of the year and drew his interest, taking \$200 in cash, and the company's note for the balance. After doing this for seven years or so he turned those notes back to the company, saying that he had no use for them. He is now, at the age of ninety-six, blind, deaf, and crippled by a fall so that he cannot walk, and the Bible society pays the bills for his support.

All About Whiskers.

Dr. James G. Hyudman, of the Ohio Medical college, says that a Catholic priest of Cincinnati came to him to be treated for throat trouble. The doctor advised him to let his beard grow. He did so, and the throat trouble ceased; but some of his superiors objected to the idea of a priest wearing a beard and so he was obliged to lay his case before the authorities in Rome, with a detailed statement from the doctor, and then he was permitted to wear his whiskers.

Blaspheming and Insanity. Two well-to-do farmers named Primley, who live about thirteen miles north of Seneca, Kan., rode into town recently with the details of a terrible af fliction which suddenly fell upon a farm hand employed by them. The story is asserted to be true in every particular and runs thus:

The Primleys and a farm hand named Althous became involved in a violent discussion concerning the taking of the sacrament, when Althous exclaimed in loud voice, accompanied with an oath You think, when you take the sacrament, you are swallowing Jesus, feath-

No sooner had he uttered the word than he became madly insane, rushed about with frightful groans, and despite the efforts of the Primleys, escaped and is supposed to be hiding in the woods along the Nemehah river.

The Deacon Preserved Order.

The corner grocery convention got to talking of old times the other day, says the Pescataguis Observer, and one of the delegates reported how old Deacon Blank kept order in meeting. The old gentleman seemed to have understood what uncertain property a good whip is if left in the carriage, so he brought h into the church with him and deposited it under the seat. The preacher, decribed as a tall, gaunt man, with arms like a wind-mill and a voice like a cross-cut saw, soon waxed eloquent-and noisy. This was too much for two dogs which had followed their master inside, and had been "sarsing" each other in whispers for some time, and, becoming excited at the loud talk of the man in the desk, they made a break at each other, and soon mortified the devoted listeners by becoming engaged in a regular set-to. The ex-horter howled and the dogs yelped Silently reaching under the seat, con Blank bulled out the big whip. Unwinding the long lash, he swung it around his head two or three times, with the grace of a California stage driver, and brought it down upon the hides of those sacrilegious dogs. There was yell which drowned for a momen the voice of the preacher, and those two dogs went through the door and down the road, and never stopped once to look behind them unil they reached their homes.

A Plucky American Missionary.

When Mr. Forsyth advised the Europeans during the mutiny in India to leave the civil lines a missionary came to him and in a straightforward, simple way said: "I think I had better give up preaching, but I will not desert you as I might be of some service, for I was raised in Kentucky and am skilled in the use of a rifle.' And he was of use for Mr. Forsyth, he and another held the gateway over a jail full of prisoners until the threat of an attack disappeared.

The Color Line.

Will the churches which insist that there shall be a color line, says the Philadelphia Times, in religion also insist that there shall be one in the land beyond the skies? This phase of the question is even more interesting than that which is now being discussed. For if there is to be no color line beyond, what will the disembodied spirits of

DAYLIGHT CLOTHING STORE, 3rd Special Sale

NO. I .- "Tis right. It works right. The cheap John Dealers try to copy us on our pleated front Shirt, we sold at our first sale by offering a Trash Shirt for \$1.00, while we made the price of a good one 99c. Now we will give them one that will make them howl. The same Shirt we sold at our first sale 20 pleats in the bosom, reinforced back and front with the patent back, and sleeve, stays. 21 hundred Linen Bosom, fine New York Mills Muslin, body, and in every respect a No. 1 laundried Shirt, and we will sell them Monday, for

89c 89c

89c

89c

3 to each person until sold, NO. II .- 200 dozen fine Suspenders. This is a fine silk faced Suspender with fine braided ends. A good 50c Suspender. For Monday only, we will sell for 13c, 2 pairs for 25c. NO. III. - A black Fur Derby Hat worth \$3,00, in any house. It is a good No. 1 Hat, as we never take trash for our

\$1.25

special sales, and we are offering this fine Hat, Monday only at

\$1.25

\$1.25

SI.25

\$1.25 NO. IV.—Beats them all. A fine belly nutria Derby Hat for \$1.25 \$1.25 \$1.25 \$1.25

Some of the cheap John Dealers offer a Saxony Wool Hat for this price but it is like telling you that cotton grows on a beaver's back .- We guess not this season in Nebraska, but in Alabama. NO. V .- For the children. A good Suit for every day rough and ready wear. This one we will sell for 89c. All who want a child's cheap suit get one before all are gone. Mail orders from the country hold good till Wednesday, provided the sizes are

Daylight Clothing Store, the only one in Omaha,

L. Andrews & Company,

S. W. Corner 15th and Douglas St.

do when they reach that happy sphere? Will they admit that they erred while in the flesh, or will they turn their heels on paradise and depart? Let us have no equivocation here.

The Rector and the Bishop.

New York letter to the Hartford Courant: They are telling rather an amus-ing story of the good bishop. One of his daughters applied recently for confirmation in a certain large and flourishing evangelical church in this city The rector gave a number of names, in cluding hers, to one of his zealous young assistants, and bade him visit each cane didate. The bishop lives in a handsomapartment up town, but the surroundings did not deter the low church pastor. He was going to fight the devil and his works wherever he might find them. The name suggested nothing, for there are Potters and Potters as well as Smiths and Smiths, both common enough trades in the days when a man's surname indicated his occupation. The candidate was not in but her mother appeared. After an appropriate conversation the young clergyman said: "Where does your husband attend church?" "Well, he attends none regularly." "Very bad, very bad," said the minister severely. "This habit of running about is pernicious. Is he a church communicant?" 'Worse still; and what views does he Is he high or low, or [with a broad upheaval of his somewhat narrow chest], is he a churchman?" "Ah," said the bishop's wife, "indeed, sir, I do not know; he is, however, the assistant bishop of this diocese, to which, I think, you belong. You had better put the question to him?"

The Preacher Took Care of Her. Last Friday the parents of Miss Anne Tillman, of Anson county, N. C., says the Atlanta Constitution, placed that young lady, who is only sixteen, and extremely pretty, in the care of James McLaughlin, who was on his way to the Union Theological seminary in Virginia, for the purpose of completing his education for the Presbyterian minis-The young lady was on her wa to school at Greensboro, N. C. The embryo clergyman promised to take strict care of her. He more than kent his promise. On reaching Charlotte he and the young lady decided to get married. A license was procured, and the ceremony was soon performed. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin then went on to Greensboro. There the bride left her husband and entered the college. groom went on to the theological sem inary. Both are now studying. The groom telegraphed the girl's parents of the marriage. The preacher has lone well, for the girl is rich as well as

pretty. A New "Whisky" Church. A Christian church composed entirely of whisky dealers would be a novelty indeed, yet that is the result that threat ens to come from a church row in Louis ville, Ky. Two of the wealthiest mem-bers of the First Christian church there are whisky dealers and the church says they must give up their business or suffer dismissal from the society. The whisky men of the city are very much enraged, and declare that if the church carries out its threat they will organize a church of their own. Meantime, it is supposable, they are studying the scrip tures with a view to finding some as thority for establishing a Christian church on a foundation of sour mash. is not yet known whether they will open a bar in the amen corner or pro vide a private sideboard for each But whichever way they work it they ought to be able to attract a very large congregation of men who are not in the habit of attending divine services .change.

She Knew. A Metnodist Sunday school teacher i Berea, where Eli Perkins was billed t lecture under the auspices of Baldwin university, was examining his Sunday school class. Among others he aske his class the question: "What di Samuel say to Eli?" No answer wa "What did given for a moment; then a sweet little girl spoke up and said: "I know. Well," said the teacher, "What did Samuel say?" "He said, 'Got there Eli?'" was the prompt reply. He's Built That Way.

Charles M. Snyder. Youngster nabs the reckless fly That flutters round estray; Pulls off its wings and other things, Because he's built that way. At school he dips it in the ink
And thinks it jolly play
To see it crawl o'er books and all,
Because he's built that way. Or else he puts it on the dress Of maidens trim and gay, To teave its tracks upon their backs To leave its tracks upon their Because he's built that way. He spits it on the cruel pin And leaves it there all day And laughs to see its misery, Because he's built that way. He plucks their wings to make In agony's display; Picks out an eye don't wonder why, Because he's built that way. The only plan to make him see The fly don't think it play Is take a strap and show this chap Just why he's built that way. It's hard to tell when he begins His promptings to obey, Just why a lad, with all his bad, Was ever built that way.

A young farmer near Americus, Ga., who had mortgaged his mules and could not redeem them, asked a lawyer how he could prevent their confiscation. He was told to marry and then his wife could homestead and save the animals. "Well" replied the and save the animals. "Well" replied the young man, "I will get married then, if that is the only way out of it, but it seems to me what will the disembodied spirits of that it is a poor law that deprives a man of hose who object to intermingling here this liberty just to save two poor old mules

PROMINENT MEN OF THE TIMES

Stories of Great Men of the

World. GENERAL GRANT'S DIPLOMACY

The Grand Old Troubadour-Senator Hale's Experience - Matthew Arnold's Jump-A Story of a Crown Prince.

How Grant Got Jewell's Resignation, Springfield Republican: A story which has probably never been in print is told on the authority of Henry Wilson as to how Grant succeeded in getting the resignation of Postmaster General Jewell of his cabinet. The story runs that Grant and Jewell were alone together, talking over matters, when, without any previous suggestion of the subject, the president said to his cabinet adviser: "Jewell, how do you suppose your resignation wauld look written out?" Jewell, thinking the question a pleasantry of Grant's, said he would write it and see. "All right," said Grant, "you just take some paper and write it down and see how it looks." Jewell wrote and handed the paper to Grant. The latter looked at it a moment and then replied: "That looks well. I will accept that." He was in earnest, and Jewell was out of the cabinet.

Matthew Arnold's High Jump.

It is not so surprising that Matthew Arnold should have made an attempt to jump the low fence which he came upon n the course of the walk he took on the day before his death, says the London Figaro, when it is remembered that he was at Rugby at a time when the high jump was cultivated more, perhaps, than any other athletic exercise. It is written in the annals of Oxford, too, how on a certain Sunday afternoon, young Mr. Arnold had been elected a fellow of Oriel, he cleared the well known spiked railings in front of Wadham college. The actual height of these railings is five feet three inches, and the fact that Arnold jumped them from the college side and alighted on the flagstones of the street pavement is considered to add to the merits of the feat. In his Rugby days Arnold cleared at least two inches more than this. though he was never able to clear "Dixon's gate," on the Barlby road, a jump which the late Mr. Dixon, so well known later on as a sporting writer over the signature of "Druid,"

able to effect. Knew It and Didn't Care. Los Angeles Tribune: Senator Pal-mer, of Michigan, is one of the most ender-hearted men in the senate. Not ong ago he was called upon by a man who has some connection with an obscure paper, and after listening to a corrowful tale was asked for a loan of \$100. A friend of the senator's standing near by heard the request and taking him aside informed him that the woman was a fraud, a perpetual beggar and one who would stop at nothing to gain her point. Armed with this knowledge Mr. Palmer left his adviser and approached the woman, bent upon giving her nothing but a denunciation. His first words were met by a storm of tears and a heart-rending tale of woe. The woman admitted her finan cial shortcomings, pleaded distress and poverty, shed floods of tears and wound up by speaking of a coming evic-tion for unpaid rent. Her emotion was too much for the Michigander, and almost blubbered himself as he asked in voice as gruff as he could make it:

'How much must you have?" "Not a cent less than \$50 will do. wailed the woman. "Well, here," said Mr. Palmer, handing her a \$50 bill, "go and pay your rent.' 'You are a fool," said his friend, when told of it.

"I know it," replied the senator, but I can't help it, and I don't care.' The woman left to look for a fresh victim. A Story About Charles Mathews.

Pall Mall Gazette: At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vast theatre being ruinous, Mathews one morning saw a ballet girl in a dark corner of the the stage crying bitterly and evidently in pain. The ever-gay comedian at once jauntily approached her (for nothing seemingly could dash his spirits), and said cheerily: "What's the mat-ter, my dear?" The girl sobbed in re-ply: "Oh, Mr. Mathews, I am in sucq pain! I have got such a dreadful toothpain: I have got such a dreadful toothache!" "Toothache!" said he; "poor
thing, I am so sorry. I'll let you off rehearsal; go and have the tooth out."
"I can't, Mr. Mathews." "Can't; why
not?" said he. "I e-a-n't—aff-o-rd it."
blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it!
Nonsense!" answered Mathews; "run
round the corner to St. Martin's lane. round the corner to St. Martin's lane, where you will get rid of it for a shilling." "But I haven't g-o-t a shilling, Mr. Mathews." "Not a shilling?" he replied at once; "neither have I. But come into the green room and I will take your tooth out myself!

The Grand Old Troubadour.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the veneraole gray-haired poet, whose songs in the autumn of life have all the mellow beauty of his ripened genius, is gentle and generous almost to a fault. He goes the even tenor of his way from day to day, says the New York Press, and for one so far advanced in years he does an extraordinary amount of literary

work. When a young man he met the poet Poe and submitted a poem for his perusal. The author of "The Raven" happened to be in one of his unfortunate moods and roundly accused the young bard of willful and premeditated plagiarism. When he discovered his unjust accusation he sent for Stoddard, and from that time they were friends. Mr. Stoddard is considered by many a severe critic, but he says his aim is to be just and tell the truth. The "chromo literary" set, that turns out namby-pamby books, never meets with any recognition from him whatever. One of his most ardent admirers is John Boyle O'Reilly, who never visits the city without seeing or asking about the 'grand old troubadour" as he calls him.

Pretty Story of the Crown Prince. So little of what is favorable is heard about the crown prince of Germany, says the Pall Mall Gazette, that the following little incident, published by a German contemporary, will be read-with interest and pleasure: The other day the crown prince was coming back at the head of a regiment of soldiers from drill in the well-known Tempelhofer field outside Berlin. At one of the street corners, where a crowd had collected to salute him, a man of gigautic figure left his brewer's cart come and salute the Crown Prince Wilhelm. Before the latter had come up to where he stood he took off his cap and shouted his salutation with the rest. The crown prince had no sooner noticed the tall figure in the leather apron than he rode up to the man and shook his hands with a hearty "Good morning, Tabbert. How are you, old friend?" After a gracious invitation to the delighted brewer to "come and see him some time," the crown prince rode away, accompanied by the ringing cheers of the crowd. It appears that the brewer had served as a soldier in the imperial body guard and as such had been the ordnance officer of the Crown Prince Wilhelm.

A LARGE AUDIENCE. One of Senator Hale's Amusing Ex-

New York Tribune: "I had an amus-ing experience in Ohio," said Senator Hale. "It was in the fall of 1875, when Hayes was running against William Allen. I was stumping Ohio, and was billed for evening speeches in a little town called Rushsylvania. A stand had been erected on one side of the main street in which had been placea benches. All along the sidewalk a large crowd of people had gathered. When the hour came for opening the meeting no one occupied the seats except a big colored man. Judge Coates, a prominent old gentleman, appealed to the crowd to occupy the seats. But they

"I was to speak first and Judge Coates urged me to speak to the crowd where it stopped. I declined to do so. I said: Here are the seats for the audience and here the audience ought to be.' Judge Coates introduced me, nearly facing the throng at the rear, who gave me a round of applause. I stepped to the front of the platform and looking straight at the colored man, said: "'My fellow citizen.'

"At this there was a great laugh, and the people came streaming around both sides of the platform to the front, and we had one of the best meetings ever held in the town. "There was a correspondent of a Cin-

cinnati paper accompanying us. Next day there appeared in his paper a long dispatch, beginning: "The campaign is getting warm in Union county. To-night the Hon. Eugene Hale, of Maine, addressed the largest and most enthusiastic darkey ever assembled in Rushsylvania. Poverty No Crime.

Chicago Tribune: "Your honor," said the vagrant who was pleading his own case, as he turned toward judge's desk, "poverty ain't no crime, and a man basn't got to work in this free country if he don't want to. I'm is good a man as there is in this yer court room, although I've lived the last four days on nothin' but whisky and

"Prisoner," exclaimed the judge, hastily raising the window behind him, 'address your remarks to the jury."

"When Adam dolve and Eve

Who was then the gentle

